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CARNEGIE

MAGAZINE

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VOLUME XI PITTSBURGH, PA., FEBRUARY 1938 NUMBER 9



ZIGGIE'S BARBER SHOP

BY VIRGINIA CUTHBERT

First Honor and Prize Award

Twenty-eighth Associated Artists of Pittsburgh Exhibition

(See Page 271)

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

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VOLUME XI NUMBER 9
FEBRUARY 1938

Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say, "behold!"
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confusion.

—A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

—D—

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at 8:15 o'clock, and every Sunday afternoon at
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MARSHALL BIDWELL, Organist

—D—

The Carnegie Institute, in the broadest sense, holds its possessions in trust for mankind and for the constant welfare and happiness of the race. Anyone, therefore, who by a gift of beautiful works of art, or objects of scientific value, or a donation to its financial resources, aids in the growth of these collections and the extension of its service is contributing substantially to the glorious mission of the Institute.

The Carnegie Institute will be the final home of every worthy collection of pictures and museum objects when the men and women who have chosen them wish to have the world enjoy them.

—ANDREW CARNEGIE

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WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

Where may the wearied eye repose
When gazing on the great;
Where neither guilty glory glows,
Nor despicable state?
Yes—One—the first—the last—the best—
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom Envy dared not hate,
Bequeathed the name of Washington,
To make man blush there was but one!

—BYRON

THE OLD LADY OF
THREADNEEDLE STREET

DEAR CARNEGIE:

In your Garden of Gold, in speaking of the new cultural plans for your Carnegie Tech students, you say that, "the banker who knows the relationship of the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street to the great epochs of history will attract business against the mental processes that have twisted themselves around interest and discount." For some of us who want to make a start toward this culture, will you let us know who the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street was?

—E. T. TAYLOR

The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street, so called for many years, is the Bank of England, situated on Threadneedle Street, London. The sobriquet was originated by Richard Brinsley Sheridan who, when the Bank stopped cash payments in February, 1797, referred to it as "an elderly lady in the city, of great credit and long standing, who had recently made a 'faux pas' which was not altogether inexcusable," and he placed the responsibility for this temporary insolvency upon the leadership of the younger Pitt.

A CONTEMPORARY OLD MASTER

The Art of Walter Richard Sickert

WALTER SICKERT is living at St. Peter's-in-Thanet in Kent. It is said that one of his neighbors remarked recently that he had no idea who the charming old man was, but he had an impression that he had seen his name "somewhere or other."

The good neighbor might have seen the name in a thousand places during the past four decades, for Walter Sickert is a tradition in English art, and if he were not great as a painter, he would be great in his masters, associates, and friends. A pupil of Whistler and a disciple of Degas, he was also an associate of Wilson Steer, Ricketts, Tonks, Shannon, and Beardsley. As a wit he held his own with Whistler, Oscar Wilde, and George Moore. Clive Bell speaks of him as "our contemporary old master." He has been an important figure for so long a time in English painting that he has become almost a legendary one, and yet he is perhaps the strongest influence acknowledged by young English art students today. He has a school of painting at Broadstairs and continues to repeat to his students what Whistler said to him, "Shove on!" That he himself "shoves on" is indicated by the fact that there will be an exhibition shortly of his latest paintings at The Leicester Galleries in London. He is, without any doubt, "our contempo-



ENNUI

Lent by Howard Bliss, Esq.

rary old master."

Walter Sickert was born in Munich in 1860. His father was Oswald Sickert, a distinguished painter of his day, and his mother was English. Walter Sickert was an actor for a time, and it is said he played with Irving and Ellen Terry. With Menpes, Roussel, and the Graves brothers, Sickert formed an artistic body-guard round their master, Whistler. Later Sickert came under the influence

of Degas. Out of his study in France, Sickert, as the leader, with such artists as Wilson Steer and D. S. MacColl, introduced impressionism into English painting. He was one of the chief promoters of the Fitzroy Street Group, which held frequent exhibitions of painters of a modern tendency. Acknowledgment of his ability in official sources in England came slowly. He was made an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1924 and a Royal Academician in 1934. He did the unusual thing of resigning the following year because the president of the Royal Academy refused to protest the removal of the statues by Jacob Epstein from the British Medical Association building. This action shows some indication of Sickert's independence and his attitude as a British rebel in art.

Distinguished as Walter Sickert's position had become in English art, his paintings did not find a place in the Car-

negie International until 1923. Since then he has been represented in succeeding exhibitions by such important paintings as "Portrait of Admiral Lumsden," "Miss Earhart's Arrival," "The Raising of Lazarus," "The Miner," and "The Tiller Girls." In the 1926 International his painting, "Versailles," was awarded the prize of \$500 offered by the Garden Club of Allegheny County for the best garden painting—probably the only prize he has won in his long artistic career. His paintings are never conspicuous or obvious. One has to seek them out and enter into them with sympathy and sensibility.

The present exhibition of thirty of his paintings was brought to this country by the Arts Club of Chicago, and it is through its co-operation that the Carnegie Institute is able to present an adequate representation of the artist whom many consider the best English painter alive.

J. B. Priestley, the English novelist and dramatist, in discussing the failure

of "You Can't Take It With You" in London, said that it seemed much too shrill and fantastic for the English audiences and critics. It was nobody's fault, just the difference in tone. He went on to say that the American wants a much sharper stimulation in a theater than the Englishman. It is the difference between a man who likes a glass of sherry before dinner and the man who must have a strong cocktail.

Mr. Priestley's remarks on the English likes and dislikes in plays may be applied to the Sickert exhibition. In these paintings, tone plays an important role—not tone that relates only to colors, but general tone. Here is quality, atmosphere, and the power to evoke the esthetic emotion that was in the mind of the painter. There is no hurry. Many of these paintings may seem sketchy, but on closer observation it will be found that they were worked out with great care, even laboriously. There is nothing raucous, nothing strident, no sharp-edged phrases. Moods are created; they are sherry, in contrast to the cocktail.

The most important feature of Sickert's art is his color. While in most instances subdued, it has extraordinary value and range within established limits. This may be seen at its best in the landscape, "The Reservoir—Pentonville Road," or "St. Jacques, Dieppe." The colors are subtle, they have luminosity, and they have character akin to lyric poetry. Where Sickert is interested in the problem of light and shade, as in "The Garden of Love" and "Barnet Fair," he succeeds in securing an effect of diffused sunlight that is not forced and is very pleasing. He makes the sunlight seem an element that comes from the outside and not the inside of the picture.

The artist's power to evoke a mood through color and arrangement is best seen in the two canvases which are a slight variation on their title, "Ennui." These two paintings may be compared to the English comedies, which do not, as many suppose, represent escape from



INTERIOR, ST. MARK
Lent by Howard Bliss, Esq.



ST. JACQUES, DIEPPE

Lent by J. W. Freshfield, Esq.

life, but deep penetration into it. These paintings have a quiet charm that draws the beholder into the canvas to enjoy the artist's vision.

Much has been said of Sickert's tendency to paint what is termed the seamy side of life. There are not many examples in this exhibition except "The Bar," "Off to the Pub," and "Snippet." Sir William Rothenstein, in his "Men and Memories," relates that Sickert, "while he seemed to be on easy and familiar terms with the chief social, intellectual, and political figures of the time; yet he preferred the exhausted air of the music hall, the sand floor of the public house, and the ways and talk of Cockney girls who sat for him, to the comfort of the clubs, or the sparkling conversation of the drawing rooms of Mayfair and Park Lane. Aristocratic by nature, he had cultivated a strange taste for life below the

stairs." It is related that even now he has sand on his studio floor, because he likes the sound of it under his feet—or is it perhaps because it reminds him of the pubs and music halls? One writer suggests that his predilection for lower middle-class subjects is due to his awareness of their existence and his desire that others should regard them with his own sensitiveness. No doubt such subjects give him an opportunity to depart from mere prettiness and to make the lowly and ugly truly beautiful.

Sickert's ability to bring out the essential character of architectural structure is seen to advantage in the canvases, "Horses of St. Mark," "Interior of St. Mark," and "The New Bedford." His strength as a portraitist, without definitely setting out to be such, is demonstrated in this exhibition with such paintings as "King George V and His Trainer," "The Frame-

Maker's Daughter," "Portrait of the Owner," and "Portrait of Miss A. H. Hudson." It is safe to say that the head of King George V, done, as the artist acknowledges with his written note on the canvas, from a photograph in the Topical Press, will survive long after officially commanded portraits are forgotten or have disappeared. The portrait is direct, honest, and exudes character.

The thirty paintings in this exhibition might very well be used to illustrate a whole chapter in the history of English art. They tell the story of the coming of impressionism and its reaction on painting, which is still a moving force

among English painters. There are other influences now at work that are making themselves felt among the younger men. The artist who pioneered in what was considered in the 90s a revolution against the academic has given, not only England, but the world, paintings that in their sensitiveness, design, color, content, mood, and in their innate qualities, belong to the category of great art. He is a very personal artist who seems to come from other generations and yet has been able to hold an enviable position among his contemporaries.

The exhibition will continue through February 28.
J. O'C. JA.

DO NOT HESITATE TO ASK

How Florence Fisher Parry found "The Old Boxer" for Her Column

[From The Pittsburgh Press]

WELL . . . I was writing a column about Jimmy Braddock, that old war-horse, and his come-back; and suddenly I was reminded of a stunning short story I had read some years ago about a Champion who had grown old and went into the ring for the last time. Sure enough, it instantly stopped up the flow of the column, and the old feeling overcame me that there was no going on with it until I had located that story. So with fatal resignation I stopped in my tracks and went over to Carnegie Library.

There was a big sign at the desk of the Reference Room which instantly gave me courage. It read: "Do Not Hesitate To Ask." So I asked.

"There's a short story I'd like to get hold of. I can't remember where I read it; I can't remember when I read it. I don't know the title of the story, and I don't know the name of the author. But it's about a prize-fighter and I'd give the world and all to locate it, for I need it for my column, and here it is 1 P.M. and I don't know what to do."

Now instead of looking at me as though I had just escaped from an asylum, this kind lady displayed no surprise. Instead she replied: "Why, we'll be glad to help you. You say it was a short story?"

Then ensued the most perfect piece of sleuthing I ever had seen at work. By some extraordinary system of cross-filing, in not more than fifteen minutes they had located my story. There it was before me, in a collection of short stories issued some four years ago. Out of hundreds of thousands—for who isn't writing short stories?—here was the one and only: "A Boxer, Old," by Harry Sylvester. Instantly my blood-clot dissolved, and God was in His Heaven.

Now I've told you this at length, for to me it was nothing less than a miracle. But to those librarians over at Carnegie it was all in a day's work. Around me, at that desk, were dozens of persons asking them similar questions, equally vague and desperate. But the sign had given them courage.

"Do Not Hesitate To Ask."

THE NORTHLAND CALLS AGAIN

BY STANLEY TRUMAN BROOKS

Curator, Section of Recent Invertebrates, Carnegie Museum



THE summer of 1937 was made an outstanding one for the Carnegie Institute's laboratory of recent invertebrates by the acquisition of the largest collection of invertebrate animals so far made in Newfoundland. The weather, the Newfoundland and American governmental agencies, and the kindly people of the North, all co-operated to make this work a great success. Betty Watt Brooks, my wife, transferred her activities from the laboratory to the field and, through her customary energy, added greatly to the collection of the summer. In contradistinction to the work of the past two seasons, this summer's labors were confined to a seasonal study of one region with only a fleeting excursion to the deeper North.

Upon landing at St. John's on June 16, preparations were made immediately for a permanent base. The District of Ferryland, a fishing and agricultural community on the southern shore, was chosen. Ferryland should be of much interest to Americans for it was there that the first home of George Calvert was built in North America—as Lord Baltimore, he later laid the foundation for the Maryland Colony.

Little dreaming that two snows would fall upon us before we returned to Pittsburgh, we took up our residence at the home of Howard Morry, a fisherman and student of local history, and began our labors. During our five months on this shore, we found ourselves becoming a part of the very life of

the people. Their life on the sea; their work with the nets and boats; the long hours of splitting, salting, and drying their fish—all this became a part of us. And reciprocally our interest in Nature became their interest. Seldom a day passed without some of our neighbors bringing butterflies, beetles, or shells from the nets that they tended offshore. In these surroundings, plants and butterflies, shells and other invertebrates were collected as they appeared in their seasonal and transient glory. Due to the spring rains and the general dampness of the seashore, the plants had to be dried over the booming kitchen range for nearly a week before they were dry enough to pack. The insects were protected from mold by naphthalene flakes, and the delicate beauty of the butterflies and moths was preserved by folding them into paper envelopes. The sorting and preservation in alcohol of the beetles, centipedes, millipedes, land and water crustacea and mollusca carried the work of collecting far into many nights. Other nights would be spent seeking the moths that lived on the spruce trees and that seemed by flashlight to be but rusty twig ends of the boughs. Then would come the nights when we gathered around the piano to sing the salty chanties and Newfoundland "Come-All-Ye's"—so typical of the life of these seafaring people—or we would gather around the fireplace and listen to the older men of the village spin yarns of the past and tell of the "little people" and their mysterious ways. History lives in Newfoundland; it still speaks from the mouths of the people and lives in their songs and their stories.

So our work progressed unceasingly, day by day, and month by month, as



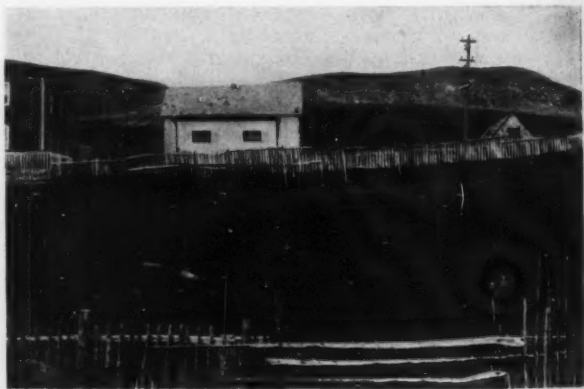
The Morry homestead, where the author and his family had their headquarters during his study of recent invertebrate life on the southern shore.

each week brought different forms to light, brought different plants springing from the ground and different insects escaping from their cocoons and pupal chambers. The land snails emerging from their deeper winter homes crept along the white-limed fences. There, and there only, would they be found—a few feet on either side of the fence, and not one could be seen. Islands off the rocky shore, islands that the waves of the winter storms dashed over and tore at with fury, turned out to be veritable gardens of Eden for the collector. On some, the ground was found to be literally covered with snails of several genera and species. One of these islands, Nancy's Portion, that possessed the greatest number of forms, was a small, nearly vertical spire of rock, clothed on two sides with a thick turf of blue grass, and wild peas that are sweet to the taste, even when raw, and have been used by the fishermen for

many years. As we would cling to the precipitous slope and gather the shells for our collection, some of them microscopic in size, we could look across to the Isle of Bois, where the fortifications of the past are still to be seen; the ramparts crumbling from the weather, the long cannon half buried in the sward, the

ancient barracks and magazines mere heaps of crumbling masonry. Below us and to our right were the narrows through which Lord Baltimore sailed to defeat the French pirates attacking Ferryland, and in which the cross fire of Captain Holman's defenses caught the invading French fleet and drove them from the shore. This region, and for that matter, the entire Avalon Peninsula was to be our hunting grounds for the summer.

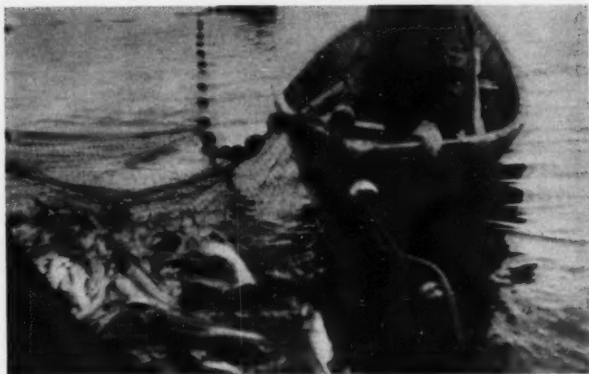
The Avalon Peninsula, named by Lord Baltimore during his rule there, is one of the most historic bits of land in



The site of Lord Baltimore's home, Ferryland, when as George Calvert he acquired a grant and founded his first colony on North American soil.

all North America and was the seat of the first permanent settlements to be made by Europeans upon this continent. It is H-shaped and nearly cut off from the main portion of the island and was, probably, a separate entity at some time in the geological past. In the shelter of the four arms of the H lie the historic bays of Conception, Trinity, Placentia, and St. Mary's. Each one of these deep arms of the sea holds a wealth of evidences of the early civilization of America. At the advent of American history, Newfoundland was a part of the new-found land of the West and included all North America from Labrador to Virginia.

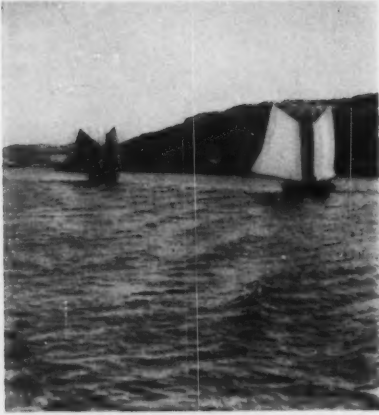
America and Newfoundland have many things in common. Squantum, the Indian who greeted and aided the Pilgrims in the New World and who surprised them with his knowledge of three languages and his profession of four religions, lived for a short time in John Guy's colony in deep Conception Bay. Many famous sea captains began their life and training in this bay. Perhaps the most famous of these in modern times is Captain Bob Bartlett of Peary fame, with whom I sailed north last summer. American fishermen, merchants, sealers, whalers, and privateers labored and harried the waters of Trinity, while in the south the expanse of Placentia Bay harbored the fleets of the French when they ruled nearly all of British North America. The French Capital of America is the name given the village of Placentia. On the frowning hills around this ancient place can still be seen the earthworks of the French and the long cannon of the later victorious



Fishing is the most important means of livelihood on the southern shore of Labrador. The picture shows the last stage in lifting the cod trap.

English. St. Mary's Bay floated the fishing and fighting ships of French, Spanish, Basque, and English. Each bay and nearly every harbor along these vast indented shores has its own history to offer as well as contributing valuable evidences in the study of the natural history of the Island.

As all roads led to Rome, so most of the roads of the Avalon Peninsula lead to St. John's, the capital city. From here, one travels through rugged hills, past lakes and streams literally swarming with trout, and rivers crowded with salmon; he skirts ancient villages that were old when the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock, along cliffs that look down to the foaming blue of the sea or off to the fringing islands that seem to stand guard upon the shore. One may turn south to the southern shore, where we collected, and keep going until the road ends with the harbor of the Jersey men at Trepassey; or he may turn north to the land's end of the two upper arms of the H, or west into the setting sun until the road is lost in the waters of Placentia and Trinity. Each road in turn either vibrated to the rhythm of the wheels of the automobile that carried me into every nook and corner of the Avalon, or felt the crunch of my boots as I tramped the gravelly, shaded paths to the lair of the butterfly and



With sails "boomed out" to catch the slightest breeze, the fishing ships from far and near float like weary gulls along the Labrador coast.

snail, or to the site of some forgotten fortification. Specimens were collected, notes were written, people with stories that had been handed down from their forefathers were interviewed, day after day, day after day, until one's mind whirled with the sights and sounds of the Island. Down along the mysterious Cape Shore Road, on the heights overlooking Placentia Bay, that wanderer of preglacial times, *Helix hortensis*, the European garden snail, was found, the first record for that southern region. Then, in the next port, I heard stories of those unknown ones who had built houses like European houses long before the English had come to this shore. Their foundations may still be found, overgrown with trees that had sprung up on the remains of other trees. Who had built them? The Irish blood of that shore spins some creepy yarns. Each village is made up mainly of one family name and many are the "little people" that they have heard and seen.

North, in Conception Bay, the largest iron mine in the British Empire loads fleets of rusty tramps and speeds them on their way to Germany, Nova Scotia, and the Netherlands. For two and one-half miles under the sea, the

tunnels of this mine ramify, and it is said that one can hear the swish and pound of the great freighters as they plow the waters overhead. On beyond this, the coast breaks into high cliffs and low pebbly beaches. The road winds on and around the tip and down the Trinity Bay side. Churchyards yield minute snails from under their tilting headstones and, now and then, on the barrens between the two coasts pale yellow butterflies flit and skitter down the breeze. These can be caught only if one is poised like a ballplayer at bat, and if you, like the player, make contact with them as they go by they will be safe in your net. Otherwise, there is a flash of color and they are blown away and over the hills crowned with impenetrable thickets.

Aside from our studies in the District of Ferryland, a side trip was made in which the north-central portion of Labrador was visited. Some collections were made, but in the main the journey took the form of a biological reconnaissance. Islands and ports with quaint names—Square Islands, Ragged



Native women and children of Hopedale were glad to pose before the author's camera.

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

Islands, Hawke Harbor, Indian Tickle—fled by us in a continuous stream until we dropped anchor in Cartwright Harbor, Sandwich Bay. Here a surprise awaited me. A young doctor who had come up with us on the same ship from Boston was one of the first to greet me as the powerful Grenfell launch met us. While the passengers crowded on and off the ship and the busy winches whined, we talked of his enjoyment of this northern land. Twice more he was to cross my path before our return home. He was John Scully, the son of Cornelius D. Scully, Mayor of Pittsburgh and a trustee of the Carnegie Institute.

The northern peak of our journey was in sight when the highlands of Hope-dale loomed above the horizon. As the echo of our whistle died away, we could hear the answering wail of the sledge dogs and could see the many small homes unburdening themselves of their occupants. Landing, we pushed our way through the crowd. Back of the settlement and in the shelter of the ever heightening hills, the beach was warm, and brown butterflies flitted among the blossoming plants. A day's labor along the hillsides and the beach, and then, as night was falling, back to the ship.

Part of our company was to remain and take a schooner farther north, but the rest of us must return. Quarts of snails and other specimens were yet to be collected from the warm lakes in the western reaches of the Avalon. Days were yet to be spent in the fertile valleys and on the cliffy hillsides in quest of the late beetles, butterflies, and moths before the snows came that would drive us back to our home in the States.

Today, after three summers spent in my work on that rugged and beautiful island, I feel as if I were a part of its life and its people. They know my deep feelings toward them and that I appreciate their friendship.

RICHES THAT DO NOT TAKE WINGS

Nature has not provided a means by which any man can use riches for selfish purposes without suffering therefrom.

—ANDREW CARNEGIE

FREE LECTURES

[Illustrated]

MUSEUM

LECTURE HALL

FEBRUARY

- 24—"Through Africa with Camera and Microphone," by Mrs. Laura C. Boulton, explorer and lecturer. 8:15 P.M.
27—"Over the Peruvian Andes into the Jungle," by Paul E. Chopard, traveler off the beaten track. 2:15 P.M.

MARCH

- 6—"The New Dinosaur Kingdom," by Barnum Brown, paleontologist and curator of Fossil Reptiles at the American Museum of Natural History. 2:15 P.M.
13—"Wings over Utah," by Alfred M. Bailey, prominent ornithologist and nature photographer, and Director of the Colorado Museum of Natural History. 2:15 P.M.

DR. BIDWELL'S LENTEN PROGRAMS

8:15 P.M. MUSIC HALL

This series of six lectures will have as their general subject this year "The History and Development of the Hymn Tunes" and will be given on the six Saturday evenings of Lent.

MARCH

- 5—"German Chorals," illustrated by the Bach Choir.
12—"Bach and the Lutheran Choral."

RADIO PROGRAMS

CARNEGIE MUSEUM AND FINE ARTS DEPARTMENT

1937-1938

This series, given every Saturday at 5:45 P.M. over KDKA by the staff members of the Carnegie Institute, is known under the title "From the Home of the Muses" and is intended to acquaint the general public with our aims, functions, and activities.

FEBRUARY

- 19—"The Gates of Paradise," by Mrs. Anna Marshall McCracken, Docent, Department of Fine Arts, Carnegie Institute.
26—"Maple Sugar Time," by O. E. Jennings, Curator of Botany and Director of Education, Carnegie Museum.

MARCH

- 5—"From A Summer's Journal," by Ruth Trimble, Assistant Curator of Ornithology, Carnegie Museum.
12—"The Earth Awakes," by L. W. Henderson, Section of Education, Carnegie Museum.

PRESENTING WALDO PEIRCE

EARLY one morning a few summers ago, I was seated in a chair on a pavement in front of the leading hotel of Bangor, Maine. At this point may I explain for the benefit of the uninitiated that where a town hotel, especially in New England, has a porch, you will find the porch chairs reserved for the lady guests. The men will usually occupy chairs along the pavement close to the hotel. There are many advantages. Among others, it gives them a sense of intimacy with the town and it enables them to get acquainted with the inhabitants or with anyone who may be passing by. On this particular morning, an elderly gentleman in the chair next to mine asked me if I would mind telling him the direction of the vane on the church steeple just opposite the hotel. "I can't see very well," he explained, "but I would like to know how she blows today." I had to ask the old man for advice before I could even give him the direction of the weathercock, for I must confess it was the first time I ever actually realized that a vane was anything but a decoration. Well, after we had conferred for some time on the direction of the wind for the day, he proceeded to prognosticate the weather, and I must grant that he knew his weather.

That was my introduction to the home town of Waldo Peirce and to the folks way down in Maine. It impressed me, because I think of Waldo Peirce as the most natural of

painters. There is nothing artificial, precious, or pretentious about his pictures. Painting is as much a part of his being as play is part of a child's. There is every indication in his work that he has a mighty good time painting. He is the most natural of human beings, and the subjects he selects for his paintings and water colors are the most natural ones that could occur to an artist. They are the persons about him, his family in particular; their amusement and recreation; their home life; his friends; his countryside; and, to be sure, the country fair and the circus. While he would probably not put it just the way Grandpa Vanderhof did, I think I can hear Waldo Peirce say in his paintings: "Life is simple, and kind, and beautiful if you let it come to you."

Perhaps you will remember the summary of that famous speech of Dan'l Webster to the jury recruited from the lower regions, in that grand folk tale, "The Devil and Daniel Webster":

"And he began with the simple things that everybody's known and

felt—the freshness of a fine morning when you're young, and the taste of food when you're hungry, and the new day that's every day when you're a child."

That gives you the tang of Waldo Peirce's paintings, and I can very well conceive that after painting or talking all night—he enjoys doing either equally well—he would say like Dan'l Webster: "Let's see what's left in the jug, for



SELF-PORTRAIT NO. 2



AFTER THE SHOW

Lent by Whitney Museum of American Art

it's dry work talking all night. I hope there's pie for breakfast, Neighbor Stone."

Harry Salpeter, in his article, "Rabelais in a Smock," which appeared in *Esquire* for July, 1936, has an excellent paragraph on the general impression made by Waldo Peirce's paintings:

"To look at a roomful of his paintings is a physically exhilarating experience. It may be winter outside but it's spring and summer indoors. His are not studio paintings. They should be hung on the branches of trees. They are liberating and unashamed. They say that it's good to be alive . . . Hung on museum walls, where they are not, they would send out rays of light which might, possibly, dispel the dirty brown shadows of their neighbors."

It so happens that some 48 paintings, 42 water colors, and 8 lithographs by Waldo Peirce are now hanging on the walls of the galleries of the Carnegie Institute. Pittsburghers are familiar with the paintings of Mr. Peirce because he has exhibited in the International since 1924. They have watched his development since his early paintings, which came while he was still in France. These paintings, like "In-

terior" and "Nude Figure Reading," showed a decided influence of Matisse. Then his paintings became more personal, as "Haircut by the Sea," now owned by the Metropolitan Museum. In the last International the visitors saw "Ordway Barn," one of his more carefully thought-out canvases. It has, very properly, been included in the present exhibition,

as has the topical and atmospheric painting, "After the Show," owned by the Whitney Museum of American Art.

Practically all the canvases in the present show date from 1930 to 1937, and ten of them belong to the latter year. All the major aspects of Waldo Peirce's talent are represented: his ability as a portrait painter in the "Portrait of R. P. Blackmur," his "Self Portrait—No. 2," and "Anna in the Swing"; as a landscape painter in "December Ploughing" and the poetic "Moonlight, Gilman Falls"; as a painter of flowers and still life in "Woodcock and Partridges" and "Poppies"; and as a painter of figures in landscape in "Family Fishing," "Arizona Ranch," "Maine Trotting Race," "The Bowman of Hatchet Mountain," and "Chapel, Harvard Tercentenary." In a class by themselves are the pictures in which we are permitted to trace the growth of the famous twins, Billiko and Michael, from almost their first week, as in "Gemini at Bath," to their seventh year, as in "Birthday Party." And Anna Gabrielle, the daughter of the family, is not neglected, for we have her in a number of paintings. He has made his family an American institution.



GEMINI AT BATH
Lent by Philip Lowenthal

These paintings of Waldo Peirce are so spontaneous, they have so much of life in them, they have in many instances such rich native humor, they have such freshness and originality of vision, that one forgets to look for the elements that are supposed to make a painting esthetically satisfying. Waldo Peirce knows his craft, but he does not allow theories of art to clutter up his canvases and interfere with his vision. Too many artists these days are more interested in building into their pictures some newly discovered idea of design than in the real task of putting down their true artistic expression of the world in which they live. Waldo Peirce is frank and honest in his work. His statement of what he sees is so valid and it so lacks anything that approaches pretention or pompousness or front, that he has done much to give new life-blood to American painting. He looks the part of Prometheus, and he has brought painting with his genre subjects and his free, vibrant, impromptu style down to dwell with the children of men.

Water colors form a large part of the art of Waldo Peirce, and have the same spontaneous quality that is found in his paintings, only more so. In many instances they are studies for his paintings. Water color is an admirable medium for

him, adapting itself to the impulsive notes which characterize his style. It is remarkable how, with a few pencil or pen lines and strokes of the brush here and there, as in "Figures by Sea" and "Carrida de Noche" or "Peirce and Hemingway in Tortugas," he creates water colors of quality and verity. "Maine Farm" shows how delicately he can handle water color on a given occasion to induce a given mood, and in "In the Valley of Chevreuse" he demonstrates what a studied and exact technique he can use when the subject demands it. Waldo Peirce is happy in water color and it responds freely and flows at his command.

The exhibition will continue through February 27.

J. O'C. Jr.

COMING EXHIBITIONS

CONTINUING the one-man shows that have been given during January and February is an exhibition of paintings and water colors by Charles Burchfield, to be shown in the Carnegie Institute galleries from March 8 to April 3. During this time, also, there will be two other exhibitions on view: one of prints from the collection of Charles J. Rosenbloom, Pittsburgh, and the other the annual Pittsburgh Salon of Photographic Art. The photographic exhibit will open shortly after the close of the annual exhibition of the Associated Artists of Pittsburgh, on March 18, and will close on April 17. The Swedish Tercentenary Art Exhibit, which is making a tour of the United States during the present season, will come to Pittsburgh on April 12, and be shown here until May 1.

THE PITTSBURGH SHOW

By WALTER READ HOVEY

Acting Head, Department of Fine Arts, University of Pittsburgh

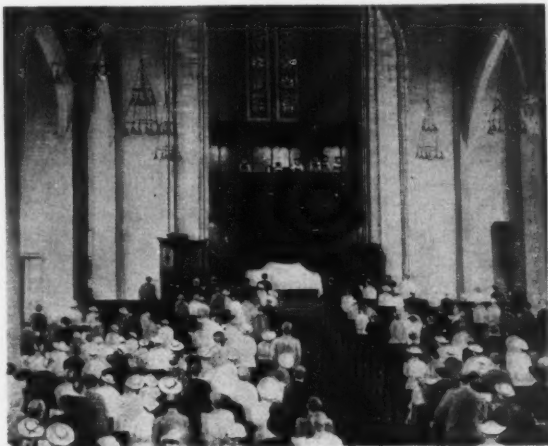


THE Pittsburgh public has come to count on two great exhibitions held annually in the galleries of the Carnegie Institute. They are the Carnegie International and that of the Associated Artists.

The one, coming in the autumn, might be said to open the season, while the other, usually held in February—this year from February 11 to March 13—marks the high point of interest for local artists. There is a definite relationship between the two, for in art—as we have come to learn in other forms of activity—no important local affair can be independent of world affairs. The International is the more impressive, but the Associated Artists might well be for Pittsburgh the more significant. Here each year we have an opportunity to see not only what a few talented individuals are doing but to sense in a measure the thought of the city. It is not strange that we sometimes hear people say, and usually in a subdued tone, that they prefer the local work to the other, for it is exciting to see how the life around them and how those very objects which they themselves see or touch every day have compelled others

to a visual expression of their world.

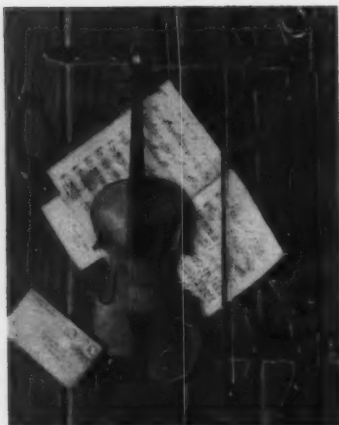
To some, their art will be an escape from the world about them; but to most, it will be an attempt to give force and direction to thoughts inspired by daily activities. This is particularly true of the present exhibition and nothing could be more encouraging. It is encouraging because great art must always be a reflection of life. That is, the artist must be a man of action, contemplative, of course, but more interested in the active than the contemplative life—or so the philosophers tell us. Of course what the philosophers say is often overwhelming, but the show this year has a greater interest than many previous ones, and I think that this quality of sensing the subjectivity of the local or familiar scene may be the explanation. Technically there are many annoying inabilities manifest. Of course skillful handling of the medium



FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH SERVICE

By ALEX FLETCHER

Association's Second Honor and Prize Award



RONDO CAPRICCIOSO

By ALFRED H. BENNETT

Association's Third Honor and Prize Award

is important, I should suppose a necessity for international recognition, but sincerity should come first and especially so in a local show.

Recent years have brought about a decided change toward this point of view. Juries are apt to be broader minded, the public more responsive to work that is at variance with the type of expression that they used to feel alone constituted art. It would be interesting to have a retrospective show follow this one, with work from all the twenty-seven previous exhibitions, and it is possible that the variety of work in this, the twenty-eighth presentation, would be as great as that in such a collection.

The jury this year were artists of distinction: Waldo

Peirce, Doris Lee, and George Elmer Browne, Tait McKenzie for sculpture, and Viktor Schreckengost for the group called by that unfortunate term, the minor arts. They are frequently minor only in size. At the annual dinner Mr. Schreckengost made a plea for more interest in the crafts. Possibly the ideals of the present age may find a truer expression in some other medium than paint on canvas, just as china seems to identify eighteenth-century England; the wood block, eighteenth-century Japan; or ironwork, fifteenth-century Spain. At any rate, the small room devoted to the crafts is a welcome change from galleries made monotonous by overcrowding and the impossibility of carrying out any sense of scale. We are inclined to scoff at those once-popular Flemish and Dutch pictures showing collections of paintings hung from floor to ceiling and sculpture standing about in every conceivable place, but such an arrangement is more amusing than the compromise necessitated here. However, given the situation, the hanging is very fine.

In the opinion of the judges, the best group of three pictures eligible for prize



BUSINESSMAN'S EVENING BY PEGGY PHILLIPS

Carnegie Institute Prize (\$250)

Given for the best group of three or more paintings in the exhibition.

was the work of Peggy Phillips. These won the Carnegie Institute Prize of \$250. They reveal an artist with a well-developed sense of how relationships may give effects of space and movement. The color, too, is expressive of a mood, which in all three happens to be somber. This is particularly true of the two landscapes, while the "Businessman's Evening," showing the interior of a bowling alley, verges on caricature.

The color here suggests the hot heavy air and varnished interior characteristic of such a place, but in neither work does one feel that the color adds enough. Painting is really the handling of color, and that is largely a matter of relationship. The desired dramatic quality is usually due to emphasis upon a certain tone through contrast or design rather than by quantity of any given hue.

In this respect Virginia Cuthbert has been more successful. Her picture, "Ziggie's Barber Shop," won the association's First Honor. She has related tones of red and green very skillfully, and for the subject—a barber shop in a tenement district—such colors seem appropriate. This combination, however, is difficult to develop from the point of view of decoration, but that may be an eccentricity of the writer, who never could understand their popularity at Christmas time. It is through local color especially that this painting stands forth with distinction, say, above the photograph that the realism—the interest in surfaces, shingles, plate glass, brick, and clapboards—suggests. The composition is correct yet bold. Squarely



WESTMORELAND COUNTRY CLUB GOLF FIELD

BY MILAN PETROVITS

Art Society of Pittsburgh Prize (\$100) for Landscape

in the center of the canvas is the sign of the barber shop, and below, perhaps the key to the whole picture, is a paper cutout of a boy and girl doubtless advertising some variety of hair ointment. At any rate, and it may have been far from the artist's intent to imagine any connection, a poor sad man with a poor sad dog stands in contemplation, while on the other side behind the window, a smart little dog appears below the deft barber with a customer. The attitude of the standing figure is reminiscent of that of Watteau standing outside the picture shop in the famous painting in Berlin. It is well drawn, too. This subject may have been inspired by Bohrod's "Haircut" in the last International, but in any case it is no servile imitation.

The Second Honor went to the painting "First Presbyterian Church Service" by Alex Fletcher. It is again a familiar scene. One thinks of the numerous Dutch interiors done in that great school of genre of seventeenth-century Holland, but probably Fletcher had no such recollection. His work is too true to the local subject, too full of effort, to have been thus influenced.

It is mentioned only as an indication of the return to scenes of middle-class life as subjects for modern art. Whatever else the church service of that particular day may have inspired, it brought forth a good painting, but perhaps too localized to be used as a vehicle for ideas.

The Third Honor, "Rondo Capriccioso" by Alfred Bennett, is a kind of tour de force. Simulating grained wood in painting is an art. The modelling of the violin and the realism of the paper, envelope, and sheet music are excellent, but it is more the sort of thing that anyone might do who made the effort. Perhaps the point is that the effort was made and the achievement well accomplished.

The Art Society of Pittsburgh Landscape Prize went to Milan Petrovits for "Westmoreland Country Club Golf Field." The outstanding quality here is the interesting silhouetting of the trees. The figures add little, the artist needing more understanding of this difficult



BARNs BY PHILIP ELLIOTT

Camilla Robb Russell Memorial Prize (\$25) for Water Color

phase of art. They are, however, in keeping with the spirit of the work as a whole—that is, the group in a high-color key gives a splendid sweep to the whole. The picture, itself, is outstanding in its integrity; it stands on its own as a work built up by the long process of trial and discovery rather than by adapting or applying the discoveries of others.

Another splendid canvas from the point of view of careful observation is the "Market Place" by Samuel Rosenberg.

"River Bank" by Richard Crist is the landscape that received the M. L. Benedum Prize. The color is lovely, although again on the reds and greens. Charming in its homely simplicity, the above-mentioned painting might have been more impressive with, say, the long low shed on the right left out or some slight readjustment of the buildings. The work recalls, just by way of comparison, the paintings of Ernest Fiene exhibited in Pittsburgh earlier in the season.



THE RIVER BANK BY RICHARD CRIST
M. L. Benedum Award (\$100)

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

The show contains some good portraits: that of Carl A. Walberg by himself is excellent as is the more ambitious one of Adriaan E. Freni by Esther Freni. These are realistic portrayals of individuals. Louise Pershing has been successful in rendering rather more intangible qualities of personalities in "Sisters," while "Alice" is a most happy conception of a child with a rabbit.

As a whole the water colors betray less knowledge and skill in using the medium than the oils. Philip Elliott received the Camilla Robb Russell Memorial Water-Color Prize for his skillful painting in tempera. It is broad and yet suggests detail through the forceful silhouette of the light cart against the dark barn, the dark lines of tree and fence and standing figure against the light fields. Painted with freedom, it yet expresses care and thought in the design. Recently there has been an increase of interest in the use of tempera. The writer questions the practice of combining this medium with water color, as is so frequently done, but here the statement is frank and unified. The broad flat planes and sharp contrasts so suitable to tempera result, however, in an art frequently less lasting in its appeal.

The sculpture section adds greatly to the interest of the show. As in the decorative arts—wrought iron, weaving, and bookbinding—one wishes there were more. The Johanna Hailman

Prize for garden sculpture was awarded to Frank Vittor, who exhibits a boldly formal figure riding a dolphin. This makes a strong contrast to the "St. Francis with the Birds," by Mary Lee Kennedy, which was awarded the Associated Artists Sculpture Prize. The one is almost brutal in its rough planes, although the roguish smile carries it over into the category of garden sculpture—it is intended as a fountain—while the other is subtle, smooth, and tenuous. The one suggests bronze, the other biscuit. A third sculpture prize, the Pressley T. Craig Memorial Award for creative sculpture, went to Harriet Butler for "Three Pale Pilgrims." Although this group rather suggests wood carving, it is surprising, and not a little disappointing, to find no actual carving. The execution of work in the finished medium is a creative art which must add something to the accomplishment. The above group is an outstanding modern adaptation of the old motif in which three figures are used as a unit to obtain a work of equal interest from any point of view. It is in excellent scale for a small decorative carving. The romantic title, however, scarcely accords with the severe sharp lines characteristic of much modern work.

The prize for crafts offered by Mrs. Roy Arthur Hunt was divided between Wesley A. Mills for ceramics and Peter Müller-Munk for a tea and coffee set of silver. Mr. Mills has sensed the problem of ceramic sculpture extremely



WESLEY MILLS (Ceramics)
PETER MÜLLER-MUNK (Tea Set)
Mrs. Roy Arthur Hunt
Crafts Prize (\$50)



FREDERIC C. CLAYTON
Vernon-Benshoff Company
Award for Silver Objects
and Jewelry (\$50)



EDWARD J. TRAPP
(Salt and Pepper)
Grogan Company Award for
Design in Metals (\$25)



ST. FRANCIS AND THE BIRDS
BY MARY LEE KENNEDY
Association's Sculpture
Prize (\$50)



FOUNTAIN FIGURE
BY FRANK VITTOR
Johanna Hailman Prize for
Garden Sculpture (\$50)



THREE PALE PILGRIMS
BY HARRIET BUTLER
Pressley T. Craig
Memorial Prize (\$50)

well in his three kneeling figures—they look like the clay they are, and the glaze is well adapted. The straight lines of Mr. Müller-Munk's tea service are finely handled both in the relationship of the pieces as a group and in the simply chased design, while the practical, curved bone handles set them off with modern distinction.

Edgar J. Trapp received the Grogan Prize for design in metals for his silver salt and pepper shakers.

Perhaps the outstanding work of the entire show this year is the football trophy offered by the city of Pittsburgh to the competing teams of its three major institutions of higher learning. It is a tribute to the city whose officials had the wisdom of awarding such a contract to an artist and craftsman. And it is a greater tribute to the designer and fabricator, Frederic C. Clayter. The trophy is a form of art which in America, at least, has resulted in many "horrors," but taste and discrimination are particularly evidenced in this example. The proportions are exquisite, and the suggestion of the purpose of the object by the miniature footballs most appealing.

Thousands of people will visit the galleries while this exhibition is on

view, and each will find something of peculiar interest. It is a cross section of many tastes. Often one is startled and somewhat annoyed at recognizing some plagiarism from the International. These are many, but in this respect painting is perhaps a little different from literature. A fine rendering is interesting even if it has been done before. Artists have always borrowed from each other. The essential thing, however, is that the artist sense the appropriateness of the "stolen" motif to his own idea. If Mildred Schmetz found a striking arrangement of figures in the "Elvira and Tiberio" of Cavedes in a former International which appealed to her for "The Cookman Sisters"; or if Emily Madjaric, impressed by the "Ward Room" by Paul Starrett Sample, exhibited here in the fall, adapted the idea to "The Waiting Room," have they done well to be so guided? One question in the case of "The Cookman Sisters," whether the artist has really considered other possibilities of arrangement. There is no question that the enthusiasm of discovery inspired by one's own achievements leads to great art. On the other hand, Richard Wilt is justified in being influenced by Grant Wood if the subject he is painting,

"Market Bound," appeals to him from that angle; or again, Norwood MacGilvary's highly-individual and entertaining work, "Crisis," is successful, though obviously suggested by the popularity of Dali.

The Associated Artists Show this year makes one realize as never before the power of Pittsburgh, the paintability of her setting, and the justification of whatever efforts have been made to aid her citizens in visual expression.

DEATH IN THE TAR

By J. LeROY KAY

*Field Collector and Assistant in Charge of Vertebrate Paleontology,
Carnegie Museum*



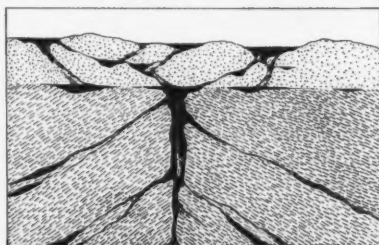
A new group—restored by Harold J. Clement, with a background painted by Ottmar von Fuehrer—illustrating the famous fossil deposits of Rancho La Brea, California, has recently been placed

on exhibition in the Carnegie Institute's Hall of Fossil Mammals. Modeled to a scale of one-fifth natural size, it shows one of several things that might have taken place in California during the Pleistocene Period—or, as it is often called, the Glacial Period—and from then up to recent times.

The Rancho La Brea deposits are located over a sharp fold in the earth's crust that has caused cracks or fissures in the strata, permitting oil to escape from the formations below. This oil, being of an asphalt base—as is most of the oil in California—seeps to the surface, where by the evaporation of the lighter portions it forms pools of sticky black tar or asphaltum. In the dry seasons these pools are covered by a film of wind-blown sand, and after rains, by water. Some of the animals that roamed this area in great numbers may have aimlessly wandered onto the film-incrusted pool and been caught in

the sticky mass of tar. Others may have come to drink and, venturing out too far, been caught in the tenacious grip of the oil residue; still others may have been trapped during the chase. Any animal so caught would, by its struggles and cries, lure carnivorous mammals and birds to the spot, and in the eagerness to get at the prey, they too would become victims of the trap.

As the trapped animals sank slowly into the pools, their soft parts disintegrated and, to a large extent, were converted into bitumen, leaving only the bones. These bones, impregnated by the asphaltum but otherwise little altered, were moved about, separated, and mixed by the internal movements of the semiliquid until they became a jumbled mass of bones representing many species and individuals.



■ ASPHALT ▨ TERTIARY ▩ PLEISTOCENE

Drawing by A. Avinoff of a diagrammatic cross section showing relationships and accumulation of oil pools in which the animals of Rancho La Brea were mired.



RANCHO LA BREA GROUP

After thousands of years of accumulation, this material was brought to light by excavations of the asphalt for commercial purposes. At first, these bones were thought to be those of cows, horses, and other domestic animals; later they were recognized by scientists as belonging to extinct species, and excavations were begun to exhume the fossil remains. Several institutions at various times entered into the task of excavating, assembling, and studying this material.

In 1923 the Los Angeles Museum began excavations at Rancho La Brea that brought to light tens of thousands of bones representing thousands of individuals. Considering the variety and number of animals found here, the Rancho La Brea asphalt deposits are the richest repository of fossils ever discovered. Such animals as horses, bison, sloths, camels, mastodons, lions, tigers, wolves, rodents, birds, and many others are represented.

Many of these specimens have been acquired by other institutions through exchanges with the Los Angeles Mu-

seum. The Carnegie Museum, by this means, procured five skeletons—a sabre-toothed cat, a bison, a sloth, a horse, and a dire wolf. These specimens have been mounted in the laboratory of the Section of Paleontology and placed on exhibition in the Hall.

In the group, a bison is shown, mired in the tar after having been chased by the dire wolves. The great sabre-toothed cats, attracted by the struggle and cries of the bison and wolves, are driving the wolves from their prey, while the great eaglelike vulture and a yellow-billed magpie are waiting in near-by trees to share the feast. A ground squirrel is looking on from a safe distance. The tree in which the vulture is perched is the Macnab cypress, a specimen of which was found in the tar pits. While the Macnab cypress is now growing in other parts of California, it does not occur in the region of Rancho La Brea at the present time. Gas coming up with the oil, and escaping, forms bubbles or miniature volcanoes on the surface of the tar, examples of which appear in the foreground of the group.



THE GARDEN OF GOLD



FROM a recent letter I take this phrase: "I think the people of Pittsburgh should appreciate and reciprocate the marvelous gifts which came to us from Andrew Carnegie."

They do. They have from the beginning. It was not long after Mr. Carnegie's death in 1919 when Willis McCook, not feeling any too well, sent his car for me on a bitter cold Sunday evening, and made this speech: "Andy Carnegie has done such wonderful things for Pittsburgh and I think it high time that we should substantially reciprocate his benevolence. My mind seems to run to the art side; others, I am sure, will be glad to promote your scientific, musical, and educational activities. But I want to start something here tonight. I propose to give you \$10,000, payable \$1,000 a year for ten years, for the purchase of paintings, provided you will find nine others to do likewise."

That was the beginning of what we might call the outside giving. It looked like a hard proposition to carry Mr. McCook's challenge to nine other persons. Would they not ask themselves, "Why should we?" But they didn't. The first two or three who were approached put their names on the list, not reluctantly, but joyfully; and after that, others came without asking, until the ten had not only met Mr. McCook's condition, but eleven others had joined them, making twenty-one in all, with a total subscription of \$210,000 for that purpose. And that list is still open—a living institution for the ends which he had designated. When the payments had reached \$150,000 the Carnegie Corporation of New York said: "That's good work, and we will double that amount." And they did.

After that the money gifts began to come in for other purposes, mainly for endowment; and when they had ag-

gregated \$200,000 for that purpose, the New York group, once more, said: "We will double that sum"; and they did, thereby adding \$400,000 to the Carnegie Institute's endowment funds.

By that time giving had become a habit, and a beautiful feature of the habit developed itself in the new form of bequests—in accordance with the generous practice in other cities—and now we look back on the lovingkindness of many of our citizens who have passed away, leaving in our hands the means of expanding this work for a further reach into the homes and hearts of this great community. So much for the Institute; it seems to grow into a larger life with every day that comes and goes.

So this month we report gifts to the Carnegie Institute like this: A friend, for Museum exploration, \$644.35. A friend, for another Museum exploration, \$2,575.

And then we have this noble response to the call of the Carnegie Institute of Technology—if Pittsburgh will give us \$4,000,000, the Carnegie Corporation will give us \$8,000,000 in 1946—two dollars for every one that our friends subscribe. We do not know of any place in the world where a similar return stands assured for such an investment. We are approaching the first million—not a day passes without its sum of gifts, ranging thus far from one dollar to \$300,000. And that last gift—\$300,000—is worth \$900,000 in the final settlement. Why should not every citizen in the community build it up, and rejoice in the fruitage for which each in his turn is the creator!

John Price Jones, of New York, who directs movements of this kind in eastern cities, keeps us posted as to the giving propensities in other localities. From a statement just received from him we quote these words: "The year's

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

record (1937) gives substantial verification of the fact that despite everything that has taken place, people are always giving away money. The satisfactions which accompany philanthropy are deep, and the impulses to give are not easily diverted or suppressed."

And then Mr. Jones takes the six cities on which he bases his encouraging conclusions—New York, Chicago, Washington, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Boston—and he finds that the sums given for education and charity in those cities stand thus:

	Gifts	Bequests
1936	\$53,899,447	\$52,011,259
1937	\$67,581,236	\$86,034,463

—a total of gifts and bequests of \$105,910,706 for the year 1936, and of \$153,615,699 for 1937. With everything that is distressing the minds of men and women in these troublous times, is it not an extraordinary exercise of benevolence to read of these gifts which, in their aggregate sum, stagger the imagination as to their power for human happiness and social uplift?

In analyzing the contributions for these six cities we find the totals of gifts and bequests in each city for 1937:

New York, \$115,082,739; Chicago, \$7,699,289; Washington, \$3,915,063; Philadelphia, \$9,799,303; Baltimore, \$3,309,375; Boston, \$13,809,930. We quote these figures, believing that they will have a significant interest for every Pittsburgher.

And now let us look at some of the gifts that have come in since the last CARNEGIE MAGAZINE report for the Carnegie Tech Endowment Fund on the \$4,000,000—\$8,000,000 enterprise.

The Alumni Federation sends in a generous amount to this fund each month. Last month the alumni who contributed a share to this work for a greater Carnegie Tech included the following graduates: Elsa G. Bussard, Dorothy Dunnells Greulich, Paul L. Jenny, Ritchie Lawrie Jr., John H. Moore, James F. Traa, Myron F. Barrett, Ellen Van der Voort Becker, A. M. Cox, Ann Myers Dowhower, Eugene Dowling, Bert Ekholm, Claude Ertel, Emil A. Fusca, Charles N. Geisler, Helen Eyster Hackett, George H. Ikola, K. K. Knaell, Mary Lord, Helen E. McCrea, D. S. McKinney, F. H. Noel, O. W. A. Oetting, Albert F. Phillips, Wilfred A. Readie, James J. Rudisill, Winthrop Slocum, Dorothea E. Stein-



BALCH DORMITORY—CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Any friend who may be inspired to erect a similar building on the Carnegie Tech campus, so badly needed for our girl students, will be credited with three times its cost.

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

macher, John W. Wagenseil, Eugene J. Azinger, William Ball Jr., J. B. de M. Carvalho, Henry Chequer, Matthew A. Crawford, John L. Elliott, Jonathan I. Houck, Milton Justh, John F. Laboon, Robert W. Lahr, Alexander J. Lois, Philip Morrison, Louis A. Scholl, Octave Schnurer, William I. Sivitz, Bertha Steiner, A. Glenn Allen, Alfred S. Andrews, Helen O. Beatty, William S. Bedell Jr., Fred S. Bloom, G. A. Burnside, Harry Robert Cameron, William A. Conwell, Felix A. Crothers, Gordon V. Durr, Mrs. William H. Eckert, Lewis R. Ellingwood, Olga Fekula, L. Maud Fire, C. R. Fleishman, Elizabeth L. Flint, Mrs. Arthur B. Foster, C. M. Foust, Mrs. Charles Garson Jr., Mrs. Belle Glosser, Herbert L. Grau, Abraham Grodner, R. B. Gunia, Mrs. Frank L. Hayes, John M. Hover, Joseph Indovina, Helen S. Johnson, Mrs. Tobias Kotzin, Mrs. Francis Lang, Luther Lashmit, H. Russell Loxterman, H. W. Lynn, William C. Lyon, William W. Macalpine, Frances M. Miller, M. F. Murphy Jr., Alfred A. Nickel, O. A. Pluskey, Dorothy Pritchard, Adelaide Remington, Dorothy J. Roy, Maude Sanford Saby, E. M. Schilling, Mary Alice Shields, Katherine M. Shuman, S. A. Smith, Adam C. Stey, Mrs. C. H. Stott, Helen Stulen, Richard M. Taylor, William J. Thomas, Helen Topp, John Van der Werff, Vera L. Weidner, Margaret D. Whitaker, Mildred G. White, Helen V. Winland, and M. J. Wohlgemuth. The gift of \$1,000 from J. C. Hobbs, reported in the January Garden of Gold, also came to us through the Alumni Fund.

And this month the Alumni Federation gifts have amounted to another worthy sum. First, there is a \$1,000 5 per cent bond of the General Steel Castings Corporation; then \$42.25 from a group of graduates, as follows: Myron F. Barrett, A. V. Cowan, Russell Eardley, Helen P. Ehni, Elmer E. Hobbs, Cleone M. McLaughlin, Eleanor Reich, Mrs. O. M. Sherman, and Karl T. Stearns; then another group of graduates have contributed \$151.89,

as follows: Joseph Davis, Robert H. Guyton, Anna E. Ladd, W. A. McGill, A. C. Sedlachek, George W. Smith, August Stiegler, and Gordon E. P. Wright. Another gift from the Alumni Federation to the Endowment Fund is a certificate of deposit for \$306.99.

Other gifts include \$5,000 from a trustee, \$2,500 from Standard Sanitary Manufacturing Company, \$50 from a friend, and United Engineering and Foundry Company \$2,500.

Adding the gifts acknowledged this month—\$3,219.35 for the Carnegie Institute and \$11,551.13 for Carnegie Tech—to the total sums reported in January, the cash gifts to the work carried on since the inauguration of the CARNEGIE MAGAZINE in April, 1927, stand as follows: Carnegie Institute, \$1,219,730.99; Carnegie Institute of Technology, \$1,485,723.59; and \$21,822.50 for the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh, making a grand total of \$2,727,277.08. How long before we pass the \$3,000,000 mark?

APPROPRIATIONS

THE Board of Trustees of the Carnegie Institute have completed their appropriations for the fiscal year beginning January 1, 1938, allotting the following sums to the various departments: Fine Arts \$110,000, Museum \$138,122, Building Maintenance \$155,000, Carnegie Library School \$13,000, Administration \$64,320, or a total for the departments of the Carnegie Institute of \$480,442, practically all of which will be spent in Pittsburgh. None of these funds includes the appropriations from the City of Pittsburgh for the operation of the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh but are provided in the main from Andrew Carnegie's endowment funds.

Look upon a library as a kind of mental chemist's shop, filled with the crystals of all forms and hues which have come from the union of individual thought with local circumstances or universal principles.

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES



"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

Reviewing "*The Royal Family*" by George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber



BY HAROLD GEOGHEGAN

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It is with a deep mistrust of one's critical faculties that one goes to a revival of a fairly recent popular play that on its initial production seemed quite delightful. So often the play turns out on a second visit to be negligible, and one realizes that one's first delight was due to skillful acting or adroit casting, or to some original touch that has since become stale from imitation, or even to a good dinner before the performance or pleasant companionship during it.

George Kaufman is such an accomplished chef at dishing up his work with all the most piquant seasonings, he is so adept at finding exactly the right actors for the various parts, that almost any play in which he has had a hand seems enjoyable at its first production. "*The Royal Family*"—written in collaboration with Edna Ferber—moreover, stands the test of revival as well, and I sat through not only one, but two performances of it at the Little Theater with much pleasure.

The play concerns the Cavendishes who have been the "royal" family on the American stage for generations. Fanny Cavendish, an old trouser, knows there is not, and never has been, any other life for her than the life of the theater. She accepts the fact not merely with philosophy but with enthusiasm, and is preparing to go on the road at an age when most grandmothers

are settling down to serious application at the bridge table and the affairs of their grandchildren. Her daughter, Julie, an actress at the height of her career, thinks, in a moment of worry, that she has been cheated out of her share of real life, and engages herself to a solid suitor who lives on a ranch in South America. It is evident, however, in the last act, that she is regarding her change of mind with less and less enthusiasm, and that the gentleman from South America will have to go back to his ranch alone. Julie's daughter Gwen actually does break away from the theater—for a year—and marries her young stockbroker, but when she reappears, we find that she has accepted a part in a new play, "just for a five weeks' run," as her baby is still too young to really need her.

"*The Royal Family*" is chiefly concerned with the feminine representatives of the three generations of Cavendishes, but there are others. There is Tony, Julie's brother, who is disgusted with the stage and rushes off to Europe to devote himself to music and painting but returns with the script of a Lithuanian Passion play with "marvelous modern music"—which in this production turns out to be a Tchaikowsky piano concerto. And there is Uncle Herbert, Fanny's brother, who feels just as young as he ever was but has some difficulty in persuading his vanishing public of the fact. There is also Kitty, Uncle Herbert's wife, who has never had a public but who has not yet given up hope.

The characters are deftly and amusingly, if rather superficially, drawn. In spite of occasional emotional scenes and

Fanny's death at the conclusion, the comedy, both in regard to situations and characterization, at times closely approaches farce. The part of Tony, even if it is drawn from life, as it is said to be, is pure farce. But I do not suppose that Miss Ferber and Mr. Kaufman had any idea of giving us a serious and detailed study of the dramatic temperament. In reality, they have given us a most entertaining comedy and a nice little gallery of shrewdly observed, if not very three-dimensional, portraits.

The author's sympathies are evidently with the theatrical folk in their naïve exhibitionism and their firm belief that all the world revolves around the theater. The non-theatrical characters, of whom there are only two—the servants in the Cavendish household have accepted the creed of the theater as wholeheartedly as their masters—are rather harshly treated. Gilbert Marshall, Julie's suitor, is unbelievably dense, though perhaps the idea that anyone who would seriously contemplate marriage with a Cavendish would be; and Gwen's young husband is quite colorless.

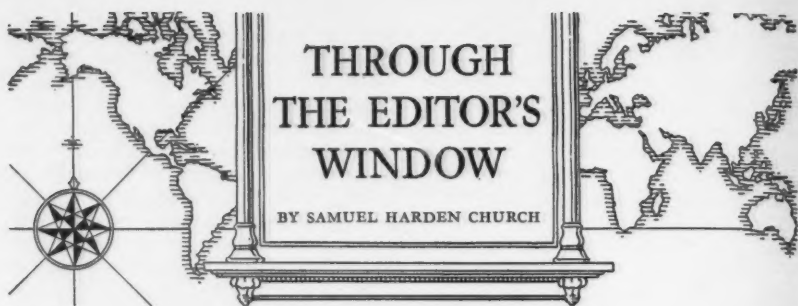
I saw the first and the last performance of "The Royal Family," and if I allude to the first and second cast, it is merely as a matter of convenience. As ensembles, there was not a penny to choose between the two. Both actresses taking the part of Fanny gave excellent performances, and spoke her caustic lines with neatness and point. The first Fanny cleverly suggested the theatrical background, but made her so old and so infirm that it was putting some strain on the credulity of the audience—and even more on Fanny's manager—to imagine her capable of playing a long season "in the sticks." In fact a medical neighbor remarked to me at the first performance that that would be an impossibility for a person suffering from both arthritis and paralysis agitans. The second Fanny was a more real old lady—though perhaps not such a real old actress—and gave the

part the vigor it required, suggesting the indomitable will of the gallant old troupier.

The first Julie played with much charm and didn't look a day over twenty-one. It does not seem to be possible for a very young actress to suggest by her make-up a woman in the forties. The second Julie gave a fine account of the part, playing the comedy scenes for all they were worth. Her violent renunciation of the theatrical life, followed by her headlong exit when she finds that she has only fifteen minutes before it is time for the curtain to ring up was delightful. Both Gwens played with naturalness, and a good deal of boisterous fun was extracted from the part of Tony by both actors who played it. Uncle Herbert was intelligently done. One of my most vivid recollections of the original performance of "The Royal Family" was the Kitty of Catherine Doucet, who played the part with a sugary vapidity that made one understand the peculiarly enraging effect that lady had on her Cavendish relations-in-law. Mr. Hickman apparently visualized her as a much more shrewish piece of malice. One almost expected her to bring out the traditional rolling-pin.

The minor parts were capably played, and the performance was briskly paced, going like clockwork, as performances do at the Little Theater when Mr. Hickman directs.

John Hruby provided a setting that was both handsome and solid. The last quality was very necessary, for few staircases on the stage have been put to a severer test and stood up under it with fewer tremors than the staircase that forms such a striking feature of "The Royal Family" setting. Congratulations are also due the six people who had charge of the properties. Six were none too many, when one considers the number and variety of the said "props"—two police dogs, a parrot, a monkey, innumerable trays of food, two complete sets of baggage, and endless parcels and packages were but a few of them.



"HE WHO GETS SLAPPED"

WHEN a dignified member of the American diplomatic corps, applying in a respectful manner before a Japanese sentry for admission into the presence of the commanding officer, is slapped in the face, a thrill of indignation runs through the hearts of the American people; and we all depend upon our officials at Washington to ask for an apology and redress for the insult.

But let us suppose that the Japanese war lords, mad with the excitement of their invasion of China and drunk with the ruthless slaughter of a peaceful nation, continue to impose these arrogant affronts upon American citizens, and suppose that our ships are struck with missiles, and that property of ours is confiscated for Japanese uses, all of these continuing aggressions promoting a swelling indignation in this country—what then should be our course? Certainly the utmost reach of Japanese misbehavior should not be permitted to provoke us into war. All these irritating things have been done against us in the present Spanish civil war, and we have endured them with becoming fortitude. Long-suffering patience is by far the best course.

I recall two opinions that I have heard on such a situation. One was from Theodore Roosevelt, when the Spanish troubles at Cuba were developing into a state very much like that now existing in China. "If a bully insults your wife," demanded Theodore, "wouldn't

you knock him down?" My answer to that would be "No!" Rather, it would clearly be the duty of any decent man to get his wife out of such a scene and away from the rudeness of the bully by such hasty retreat as the circumstances might permit. The other comment was from Andrew Carnegie. "No man can insult another," he said. "The projected insult leaps back upon the ill-mannered aggressor. And no nation," he continued, "can insult another nation. In the same way, the dishonor falls back upon the braggart group. In any other view of the matter," said Mr. Carnegie, "we are all going to assume the medieval character of swashbucklers, ready to draw sword at the first oath from the other man."

I prefer Andrew Carnegie's word to Theodore Roosevelt's on that question of ethics. Here on this continent dwells a nation of men compounded of all the races of the earth. Any war on our part against any other country would be a fratricidal war. Here in America our fathers have established the world's greatest and most benevolent democracy. And democracy can exist only in peace. Another war would destroy the whole priceless heritage that we have built up here. If these flagrant abuses of international rights on the part of Japan continue to grieve our people, let us carry our protest to its furthest limits of discussion, remembering through it all, however, that if there is a mob fighting in the streets we shall find the safest shelter in staying at

home. The other way—Theodore's way of knocking the bully down—would cost the lives of one million of our young sons. No dispute is worth that price. Always adequately armed, but avoiding the company of swashbucklers, America will in time be able to organize a world civilization based upon law, liberty, and peace.

RESTORING SHAKESPEARE

A DEVOTED reader writes that he recalls a discussion in the early days of the CARNEGIE MAGAZINE (February 1928) concerning "The Lost Line in Hamlet"—the 117th line, in fact, of the first scene of the first act; and he asks whether any effort has ever been made to devise a line to take its place.

Horatio has come upon the battlements at night to join the two sentinels who are watching for the dreaded return of the Ghost. Marcellus asks Horatio why new cannon are being daily cast in the foundries; why so many ships are being impressed into the navy; and why all the factories are made to work night and day and Sundays. Horatio explains that a whisper has reached him from the King's chamber that Norway is about to declare war on Denmark for the recovery of some disputed lands and suggests that this ghostly visitation may be designed to warn the people of their danger; and as a good student of history he then recounts the supernatural incidents which occurred in Rome just before the assassination of Julius Caesar, telling his two friends that,

"The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead

Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets;"

—and just at this point Horatio speaks the lost line, for the two lines which follow the "squeak and gibber" line run thus:

"As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,
Disasters in the sun."

—and that simply does not make sense. What was it that Horatio said—a line with a verb in it that some careless

printer of that time has dropped forever? The inference is that he spoke of something which foreboded evil to the state of Denmark, as stars with trains of fire—or, in other words, comets—forebode disasters in the sun. He goes on to speak of an eclipse of the moon, and says that thus are heaven and earth together demonstrating an omen to his countrymen. And at that instant the Ghost comes to them, faintly visible in the great darkness.

While rereading recently Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch—the book which Shakespeare used so assiduously in writing his Roman plays—I came across the significant statement by Plutarch that on the night before the assassination of Julius Caesar a comet appeared in the Roman heavens; and that has brought into my mind a line which, with real diffidence, I suggest as supplying the thought that was uttered by Horatio:

"A flashing comet warned of death on earth,"

With this audacious comment taking the place of the lost 117th line, Horatio's speech would read like this:

"The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead

Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.
A flashing comet warned of death on earth,
As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,
Disasters in the sun."

If any of our readers feel inspired to rewrite Shakespeare in this lost line, we shall be glad to receive their suggestions.

ENGLAND LEASHING THE DOGS OF WAR

IN the CARNEGIE MAGAZINE for November (page 189) the Editor remarked that, as the tranquility of Europe was being disturbed by Mr. Hitler in his demand for the return of the German colonies, and by Mr. Mussolini in his demand for the recognition of his Abyssinian conquest, the other powers of the world should consent to both of these concessions as conditions for the maintenance of

peace. The newspapers have, within the past few days, announced that Mr. Chamberlain, the British Prime Minister, has made a direct approach to Il Duce with the specific offer of recognition in his hand, and on that specific condition—of peace concerning the Mediterranean dispute.

Now, let Mr. Chamberlain make a similar advance to Mr. Hitler about the colonies, exacting the same promise of good behavior from Germany, and peace will be established. Who cares about the hegemony of the colonies anyhow?

England can do that now because she has, at enormous cost, rearmed herself. Two years ago, when the Italian leader threatened to blow her ships out of the Mediterranean, she was helpless and she accepted her humiliation with essential good grace. Today she stands in shining armor, with sword in hand; and we behold the difference between a benevolent empire—the most puissant in the world's history—dictating peace on terms of justice, and the fretful leaders of Germany and Italy threatening wars as the price of favors.

O war! Thou son of hell,
Whom angry heavens do make their minister!

Mr. Chamberlain's program—if indeed it compasses the return of the German colonies—is understood to provide for a compact of peace and amity comprising England, France, Germany, and Italy. All humanity will declare, "Let it be so!" Let them have the European continent to do their will upon it, if they will but keep the peace! Out of such a union of interest there may come the fulfillment of that dream of benevolent men—the United States of Europe—an idea first advanced by the Dutch statesman Grotius as an essential of civilization; then advocated by Louis XIV as the basis of a sound government; promoted by Napoleon as the goal of his conquests; and given to the world after the Great War by Aristide Briand as the sole means of human salvation.

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